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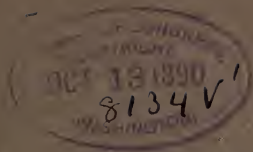


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



"EXERBITION"
OF
The Deestrick Skule
-OF-
FIFTY YEARS AGO

Price One Dollar.

FOR SALE BY
MRS. M. H. JAQUITH,
TOPEKA, - KANSAS.



"EXERBITION"

OF

The Deestrick Skule

-OF-

FIFTY YEARS AGO

BY M. H. JAQUITH.

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"EXERBITION"

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FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The "Exerbition" was supposed to be the winding up of every well-conducted "Skule", and followed the "las' day". But as this program may fall in the hands of some who have not "Kep Skule", I repeat the suggestions for names, dress, etc, premising that wherever the "las' day" has been observed, the same scholars with their aliases should be brought in again.

Take old-time family names, Bradford, Bassett, Hartshorn, Pettibone, Peterkin, Potts, Snodgrass, Honeysuckle, and of course Smith and Brown.

For the boys, Hezekiah, Jeremiah, Philander Soloman, Timothy, Salvation, Experience, Salvation, etc: girls, Patience, Temperance, Prudence, Priscilla, Jerusha, Betsy and Charity: Sally Ann, Polly Ann and Hannah Maria, with no nicknames, but always called in full, both girls and boys.

But names of noted men and women, both national and sectional, should be introduced, as Benjamin Franklin, Grover Cleveland, and Susan Anthony, since they help to make a point. Mike O'Flynn and Biddy his sister, an English boy whose hs "ave han hinfirimity", and in a German community a Dutch boy, help the make-up of the Skule.

The older well-known citizens, who "went to Skule" in those days should be the scholars as far as possible; they will take to it naturally, enjoy the rehearsals, and the middle-aged women will not object to pantalets, as do the girls who often rather sacrifice the proprieties of dress than not to look pretty!

For they must wear high-necked, long-sleeved aprons; or dresses cut half-way high in the neck, (all dresses were then made to open in the back of the waist,) with small tie-aprons, one width calico three-fourths of a yard long, and pantalets, white, seeing it is a full-dress occasion; with strings of gold or glass beads for the neck, gold and bead finger-rings, exchanged and examined; mitts may be worn on the hands; a little silk or beaded hand-bag for the handkerchief was the correct thing, or pin a red, yellow or white handkerchief by the exact center to the apron or dress-waist.

The hair on each side of the head may be braided back down the forehead, then united with one or two braids at the back to hang down, or

wound round the head and tied at the top, or pinned across the back of the head, with ribbons abundant; or it may be in little braids all over the head a narrow ribbon flying at the end of each. The larger girls may comb the hair smoothly back and twist in a tight, high knot held in place with a comb. Sunbonnets or hoods for the girls and the small boys.

The little boys can wear gingham or blue denim aprons or calico waists; the larger, checked or calico shirts, with pantaloons held up by one suspender or a string; a "frock" made of flannel or denim, exactly like a long shirt, except being sewed down the sides to the bottom, with full sleeves in a wristband, and a belt to fasten it at the waist will be recognized by many an old settler as a part of his childhood's toggery: a full-dress suit all in one piece, cut like night-drawers, of denim or jeans, was a handy and common style. In these days of close-cropped hair a long-haired wig makes the boy much more like him of fifty years ago, whose mother after combing his hair straight down all round put a big bowl over it and banged it!

It is better for the "Marster" to be smooth-shaven, and he should wear a wig; a tall hat, bright vest, low-cut, a high stock holding a sharp pointed collar close to his chin; with swallow-tail coat, under the tails of which his hands are held when he "strikes an attitude", a huge silver watch often consulted, two or three quill pens behind his ears. he is an imposing pedagogue

If a "SkuleMarm" presides, let every hair be combed from her forehead and twisted in a tight knot behind held by a large shell comb. Or it may be parted, the front hair brought low at the side of the face front of the ears, then lifted over them and twisted round the back-knot. If I am not understood "ask your grandmother". She may use spectacles, pushed up on her forehead part of the time: wear a worsted or silk dress with a black silk apron; beads, ear-rings and a "bosom-pin" of generous size are a make-up for her.

The first scene represents them coming, the school only, for the real audience can stand for the supposed one. If you imagine a winter-school closing there is snow on the ground, represented by white muslin. Couples, lovers, were more apt to "take hold of hands" than to "lock arms;" they will brush the snow, (salt or clipped paper,) off each other's clothes as they disappear. Two boys can rehearse their pieces as they cross the stage, each fearing he will forget, and one boy whining, "Farther said he'll lick me awful if I fergit a single word." The twin who looks after Bubby will brush off his shoes, wipe his nose, smooth his hair. give him a little drill on his piece, etc. There should be a constant jingle of sleigh-bells in the distance: several children are dragged across the stage on sleds:

cotton snow-balls with something hard inside will be tossed about: the little folks lead each other and if one slips and falls the others comfort him.

When all are quietly in their seats the teacher gives them a talk on behavior for the evening, reminding them to speak loudly and plainly. Looking down on the crowd he announces "I notice Rev. Parson Crabtree and the committee-men in the audience and respectfully invite them to set on the platform." Of course they will hesitate and one speaking for all avers "We'd jest as lives set in a less conspicerous place", but will all go and after much hand-shaking sit on the stage, but as they enter the scholars all rise and "make their manners"; for the girls a "courtesy," an abrupt squat and quick uprising; a sudden duck of the head for the bow of the boys though for variety it is a good idea to have some bow from the tips of their toes all the way up. Some one may forget his "manners" before speaking and when well-started another call out "Zekiel forgot 'is manners," and he is sent to his seat to try again: one may forget after his speech and go back of his own accord. There is also present one who will be introduced as the teacher from "a jining schule destrict", who "remarks" at a suitable time.

As adding to the interest it is well to have the visitor of the opposite sex to the teacher in charge: they are evidently "fond of each other" and come to the "Exerbition" together.

The teacher announces very distinctly the name of speaker and subject spoken or written upon; when the boy that stammers goes forward he says "Timothy Titcomb will now speak on ——— and I hope if he is so unfortunite as to stutter a little bit you will not be so rude as to laugh at him": and gives similar caution in regard to the girl that lisps or cries or giggles.

Teacher. Mr. Committee-Men and fellow-teownsmen, the exercises of the evening will now commence with an original idear of my own; I will read a story to the children too small to write regoolar compersitions: they will write on their slates what they remember and read it in about half an hour.

When George Washington, who has been called the Father of his Country, was a little boy he had a new hatchet and one day he tried it on a nice cherry-tree. His father saw where the tree had been hacked and asked, "George, do you know who cut my cherry-tree?" Did George Washington tell a lie? Oh no indeed, he said bravely, with a burst of tears, "I cannot tell a lie, father. I did it with my little hatchet."

"Come to my arms, my son," cried his father. "I would rather have a hundred cherry-trees spoiled than have you tell a single lie."

Results. 1. Georg Washinton is our father did he tell a lie no he never did he did it with is own littul hachit.

2. georg washentun was the farther of is contre hes farther sed did ye do it he sed i wood not lie i dun it with my Hatchit and then he busted is tears.

3. George Washington is the father of our country and he did it with his hatchet was he a tryin to lay it on another feller O no he did not tell no lie he said I am the fellar that cant lie and bust into tears-

4. The fawther of hez kuntry hez name was gorge Washertun an he chip away at hez fawthers cherrytre with hez hateit an tole no lize about it no indeedy he sed fawther i cant tell a big lie i chip part of it an hez fawther he did not lick im forrit but sed you may set in my lap dear bubbly boy.

5 The Father of his Country called him George Washington and his Father who give him that very hatchet asked who chopped inter my cherrytree George busted all into tears and cried I darstent lie no he chop it with his pooty lettle hatchet His father then he spoke out come and get into my arms I drarther you chop one cherrytree than tole a hunderd lies

Have one reader spell out some of his words, and after all have read very slowly their slates will be handed to the committee and visiting teacher for examination.

Teacher. The next exercise will be the alphabet recited by ———. Each child names his letter before reciting.

A In Adam's fall We sin-ned all.

B Thy life to mend This Book attend.

C The Cat doth play And after slay.

D The Dog will bite A thief by night.

E The Eagle's flight Is out of sight.

F The idle Fool Gets whipped at school.

Irrepressible. I know, that was ——— he got licked for kissing ———

Girl. Wall I didn't want him to anyhow.

G As runs the Glass Our life doth pass.

H My book and Heart Must never part.

J Job felt the rod Yet blessed his God.

K Proud Korah's troop Was swallowed up.

L The Lion bold The lamb doth hold.

M The Moon gives light In time of night.

N Noah did view The old world and new.

O The royal Oak It was the tree
That saved his Royal Majesty.

P Peter denied His Lord and cried.

Q Queen Esther comes In royal state,
To save the Jews From dismal fate.

R Young pious Ruth Left all for truth.
 S Samuel did rejoice To hear God's voice.
 T Time cuts down all Both great and small.
 V Vashti for pride Was set aside.
 W Whales in the sea God's voice obey.
 X Xerxes did die And so must I.
 Y Youth's forward slips Death soonest nips.
 Z Zaccheus he Did climb a tree,
 His Lord and Master For to see.

Tea. The next exercise will be a song by the little children.

Very little things are we, Oh how mild we ought to be;

Never quarrel, never fight, That would be a shocking sight.

Just like pretty little lambs, Softly skipping by their dams, (class skips)

We'll be gentle all the day, Love to learn as well as play.

Very little things are we Oh how mild we ought to be.

As to the evening's music, if one of the big boys plays a bass viol for accompaniment, it is in keeping with old times. "Little drops of water";

"Try, try again," words in Sanders' Sec. School Reader: "Flow gently sweet Afton"; "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Blue Juniata" were common songs.

At some time the Irrepressible Twin will state "Say, Skule-Master, our own little Bubby's got a piece to sing all by hisself, but I'll hafto go an stan' side o' him coz he's kinder feared bein' so little you know. He's a goin to sing 'I wanten be a angil'."

When Bubby is called she deliberately arranges his toilet and leads him out saying "Don't be afeared o' nothink, little Bubby, but sing orful good."

He sings slowly, beats time by standing on his toes and dropping solidly on both heels, and makes the motions of putting a crown on his head and clutching a harp. At the end of the fourth line he is stage-struck, gazes in his empty hands, breaks out crying, and after his sister gives up quieting him and leads him to a seat he buries his face in her lap.

COMPERSITION ON BREATHING.

Breath is made of air; we breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidney. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slep, but our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose when we are asleep; but we must take keer not to let our breath go through our mouth or we may get sick and even die. Boys that stay in a room all day long should not breathe but wait till they get out doors where it is good air. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonicide and carbon-

ide is poisoner than mad dogs. A lot of soldiers was in a black hole in India, an a carbonicide got in that there hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls hurt their breath with corosits that squeezes the diagram, so girls can't holler an run like boys because their diagram is squeezed too mnch. If I was a girl I'd rather be a boy so I can holler and run and have a great nice big diagram.

That's 'bout all ther is to breathing, except to say to keerless boys if they don't wanter wake up dead some mornin', if they find they're gittin' breath through their mouth when they're 'sleep they must git right up to once and shut it. That's all.

ALL ABOUT CATS.

The cat is a four-legged quadruped, the legs as usual being at the corners. It is what is sometimes called a tame animal. though it feeds on mice and birds of prey. Its colors are striped, tortus shell, black, yellow also black and white and many other colors. When it is happy it does not bark, but breathes hard through its nose, but I can't think of the name of the noise. Cats also mow which you have all herd. When you stroke the cat by drawing your hand along its back, it cocks up its tail like a ruler so as you can't get on further. Never stroke the hairs acrost for it makes all cats scairt like mad. Its tail is about two foot long, and its legs one each. Never stroke a cat under the stomach as it is very unhealthy. Don't teese cats, for, firstly it is wrong to do so, and secondly cats have clawses which is longer than some people think. Cats have nine liveses, but cause of Christianity in this country they seldom have to use all of 'em. Men cats is always called Tom but girl cats air named Tiss: all kinds of little cats is called kittens. The tame cat can see in the dark. so rats have no chance much less mice. Girls air feared of rats an even mice. Last Tewsday I drewed our cat on paper and sold it to a boy who has a farther for 7 pins, a cud of gum and some cough drops, therefore cats air very useful. Cats eat meat and most anythink speshully where you can't afford it. This is all about cats.

The twins, one of whom is very large and the other small, may speek the following pieces, going together, keeping hold of hands and swinging them while they speak, and Bubby may join them when he misses them. One lets her voice fall emphatically on the last word of each line, speaking rapidly; the other gives a rising inflection reciting slowly.

How doth the little busy bee

Improve each shining hour,

And gather honey all the day,

From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the nice food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan findeth mischief still
For idle hands to do.

You must not hurt the little fly,
For if you pinch it, it will die;
My teacher tells me God has say-ed
You must not hurt what God has made,
But be obedient, kind and mild,
A patient, tender, loving child.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For God hath made them so'

But children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise.
Your little hands were never made
To scratch each other's eyes.

Hard names at first, and angry words,
That are but noisy breath,
Soon grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family,
Fall out, and chide and fight.

The lark is up to meet the sun,
The bee is on the wing,
The ant her labor has begun,
The groves with music ring.

And shall I sleep while beams of morn
 Their light and glory shed?
 Immortal beings were not born
 To waste their time in bed.

Shall birds and bees and ants be wise
 While I my moments waste?

Oh let me with the morning rise,
 And to my duties haste.

Of course these speeches will not occur in succession, but be mixed with the other exercises. During the evening one who has already recited may rise and say, "Skule Marster, I've jest thunk of 'nother piece I kin speak orful nice, 'Mary had a little lamb,' or 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' or 'Old Grimes is dead' and go forward and give it. Bubby, having recovered from his musical effort, may also be inspired to rush forth and recite

"Hey, diddle, diddle," or "Little Jack Horner," which he does with suitable gestures.

Teacher. Ri-en-zi's A-dress to the Romans will now be given by ——.

I c-c-c-come not here t-t-to t-t-t-talk. You know t-t-t-too well

The s-s-story of our th-th-thralldom. We are s-s-s-slaves! The boy will struggle through several lines, forget, repeat, stammer worse and worse, and when the audience seems satisfied goes to his seat. He may be the one to go back and say "I c-c-clean forg-g-got my b-b-bub-bow!"

Antony over Caesar's Dead Body and Marmion and Douglas, in McGuffey's Sixth Reader; Excelsior, good for Mike O'Flynn in Irish brogue; The Battle of Waterloo; On Linden when the sun was low; Lord Ullin's Daughter, and The Elegy on Madam Blaize were all old-time favorites. In Sander's Second Reader there are two goody-goody dialogues, one "Killing Flies," for boys, and "Lending a Thimble," for girls, that were much used.

Two dialogues in McGuffey's Fifth Reader, King Charles II. and William Penn and How to Tell Bad News, are good for the older boys. In the same book are The Venomous Worm, The Town-Pump, and Mrs. Caudle's Lecture, which were often used for speeches.

FOURTH OF JULY SPEECH.

Fellow Citizens: This is the anniversary of that day when freedom towards all and malice towards none first got a foothold in this country and we are now here to celebrate that day on which ti-ra-ny and usurpation got a back-set they will never recover from. We then paved the way for

so that the poor oppressed foreigner could come to our shores in pursuit of free and equal happiness to take all manner of liberties with our form of government.

On the day that Button Gwinnett put his name to the statement that all men were created more or less equal, the spot on which we now stand was a howling wilderness. Where yonder lemonade stand is now realizing a clean profit of \$47.35 on an investment of \$4.50 for extract of lemon and citric acid, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared.

And why is this thus? Why are we to-day a free people, with a surplus in the treasury that nobody can get at? Why are our resources so great that they almost equal our liabilities? Why is everything done to make it pleasant for the rich man, and every inducement held out to the poor man to accumulate more and more poverty? One hundred years ago the tastes of our people were simple; but now it takes so much simplicity to keep congress going that the people can't get a chance at it.

But, fellow-citizens, how can we best preserve the blessing of freedom and fork it over unimpaired to our children? How can we enhance the blood-bought right which is inherent in every human being, of the people, for the people, and by the people, where tyrant foot hath never trod, nor bigot forged a chain, to look back from our country's glorious natal day or forward to a happy and prosperous future with regard to purity of the ballot and free speech? I say for one we cannot, dare not do otherwise.

I would rather have my right hand cleave to the roof of my mouth than to utter a sentiment I would regret, but I assert, not for political purposes, but as an inalienable right, that no man, living or dead, can gainsay or controvert, and yet I am often led to stop and seriously inquire whither we are drifting, not only as a country and a nation, but as a joint school-district. I am not an alarmist, but nevertheless I see in our public schools a spirit of free inquiry that leads to destruction. Gentlemen, you may cry Peace, peace, but in the very shadow of our church steeples there are men who open school with prayer, and then converse freely about the cardiac orifice or the alimentary canal! History repeats itself: if we would avoid the fate of corrupt Rome or blasphemous France, we must guard against insidious and ambiguous instruction in the district schools. Education is often a blessing in disguise, but we must beware of prying rashly into things that the finite mind has no business with. Look at Galileo, at Diogenes and Demosthenes. All of them poked into science indiscreetly, were poor providers for their families, and have every one since died; therefore, let us cultivate a spirit of lofty patriotism, but believe nothing just to oblige

somebody else.

Lastly, fellow-citizens, in closing, let me say that we owe it to our common country to be peaceable citizens, and pay our taxes, even the polltax without murmuring or disputing; the time to get in our fine work is on the valuation and it is vain kicking after that. These have been my lofty principles, and I can truly say, that as boy and man, I have been a constant user of American freedom for the last fifty years and I have no desire to turn back.

THE EARTH.

The earth is what we live on. It is made of dirt with some stone and a good deal of water in some placas that are called oceans, lakes and rivers;

—— River or Lake is made of water and the farms are made of dirt.

The earth is round on all four of its sides like a ball. The reason we do not fall over the edges is because something called gravitation makes us stick to the middle, and we can't help it. A man named Sir Isaac Newton found that out by laying under a tree eating sweet apples and seeing 'em fall down instead of up.

The earth is twenty-five thousand miles round, and where the pole goes through the middle it is eight thousand miles long. Perhaps some folks who have never studied gogafry may think this is too long a pole to be true, but my book says so, only I forgot to say there were two poles, one on top called the north pole, where it is so cold that Benjamin Franklin was froze to death when he went in a ship to find it along with several other men: and the south pole that sticks out at the other end, though I never heard of anybody trying to find that pole.

I like to live on the earth better'n any place I ever lived in. I hope you will believe what I am going to say next for it's every word true as preaching. The earth turns round and round like a top more'n a thousand miles an hour, an' if she was to stop to take a breath everything would go flying way off but I don't know where t'would go to. An' besides turning round so spry she goes scooting round the sun more'n a million an' a half miles every day and night. That's what the gogafry said but I won't tell any more now for fear you won't darst to believe me, so I will bring the earth to an end.

Teacher. Ladies and Gentlemen, phi-los-o-phy has generally been considered too deep a study for the deestrick skule scholar to take up, but I have been learning it to a few of them, and they seem to have so thoroughly grasped phi-lo-so-phi-cal principles, I am going to give you a sample recitation.

Teacher. Explain affinity and repulsion.

Scholar. Affinity is a liking evinced between two objects, drawing them together, contact not being necessary; one person may have a liking or affinity for each other when they are a great ways off. Things that have an affinity mix together like milk and water: but if they have repulsion, they won't mix; for example, oil won't mix with water, but stay on top every time.

Teacher. Name and explain the different kinds of attraction.

Scholar. I can't remember but two; capillary attraction, which is the attraction between hairs; a person's hair is sometimes attracted by fright, and a dog's or cat's hair will stand straight up when they are mad or set upon; that is one kind of capillary attraction. Attraction of gravitation is what draws everything to the ground and keeps it from falling up.

Teacher. Give the law of gravitation and tell of its discovery.

Scholar. Sir Isaac Newton founded this law of gravity; a body falls when not supported up, because there is not enough strength of air nor specific gravity under it to hold it up and so it has to fall. The law of a falling body is that it will go just as far in the first second as the body will go plus the force of gravity: and that's twice what the body will go in the next second, and so on every next second till it strikes bottom.

Teacher. Explain heat and the melting process.

Scholar. Heat is a wave like water made of warmth; there are two kinds of heat, latent and sensible; the difference is latent heat is not at all sensible, but you know sensible heat when you feel it. The thermal unit of heat is heat enough to raise one pound of water one foot. The heat of the sun melts ice by the law of cohesion of atoms. Drops of water are generally spherical for various reasons known only to the generous Providence who formed them, and when they get warm they can't stick together but flatten out and turn to water.

Teacher. Explain sound.

Scholar. Sound is a motion like waves in the air that affects the oratory nerve and then we hear it. A noise is a collection of sounds that mean nothing but a clatter, while a true sound has essential things to depend on and means something. Sound can travel very fast but not so fast as light: to prove it, if a cannon was fired off in the sun, we should see the flash a long time before we heard the noise, just the same as it is when the thunder and lightning are far off. If you hear it thunder you can always tell that that stroke of lightning won't kill you because it's too far off. Deaf people are those who have deficient ears, or maybe they have been hurt in

their drum by the waves of sound, and they can hear better by keeping their mouths open. Sometimes people walking on a railroad track are made so deaf by the noise of the train they cannot see to get off the track and so are killed.

Teacher. What causes tides?

Scholar. Tides are caused by the moon shining on the water. When the moon is little there is a small tide, and when it is full there is a high tide besides a neap tide.

Teacher. Explain the air-pump.

Scholar. The air-pump is an instrument used for forcing water into a pump and spilling it by means of a vacuum. The vacuum then ascends into the water downwards, and there's nothing whatever at all left in the pump, not even a breath of air, and so it is called an air-pump.

Teacher. Dr. ——— (naming some well-known physician) has been to the skule twice a week and learning phyz-zy-ol-er-gy to the scholars and I thought I'd give him a pleasant surprise by letting this aujience see how much they know on that subjeck, so I gave out a few questions at the beginning of the ex-er-bi-tion, and the answers will now be read.

Question 1. What is physiology, and of what is the body composed?

Answer 1. Physiology is to study about your bones, stumick, vertebry, and all your other things. The body is about half and half made up of water, avaricious and other kinds of tissue.

Question 2. Bones and their uses.

Answer 2. Bones are made of two kinds of stuff, named cartridge and osseous, mixed with lime. There are over two hundred bones; some people have more than others on account of their teeth. There are more than twenty in the head, twenty four spines running up the back called vertebry, and the sternum at the end of the last backbone; twenty four ribs, mostly true, but a few that go falsely floating round over the lungs; and more than a hundred in the legs, arms, fingers, toes, and so forth. They are jined together by jints, and help to move the rest of the body whereever it wants to go to, and keeps it from settling all in a heap.

Question 3. Describe the muscles and their use.

Answer 3. Muscles are made out of lean meat like beef-steak, with gristle at the ends and joints where they tie up to the bone. They are covyed all over with skin, of which there are two kinds, the outside one called the epperderby, which scales off, and the inside one called the derby. The muscles are what we use to hit with in the arm, to move the teeth to chew

with in the mouth, breathe with in the stomach or just below it called the diaflame, which hists the lungs towards the air, and in the legs to walk with. There are two kinds of muscles, one that you use when you want, as to eat or nit a feller, and the other when you can't help it, like winking, and breathing and sleeping outloud.

Question 4. Tell about nerves.

Answer 4. Nerves are made of white and gray cords twisted together and running all through the body. They are spread out so thin on the skin that you can't set down on the point of the finest pin without a feeling of it. The white cords are to feel with and to tell the gray ones to jerk the muscles and pull you off what's hurting you. Nerves always give us the toothache and all other aches except the stomach-adee which comes from eating too much. The biggest nerves run up and down the backbone; the brain is all nerve, not in strings but soft and shaky, just like calves' brains.

Question 5. Describe the digestive apparatus.

Answer 5. The mouth is to put things into for to be chewed fine; then the salivary glands salivate the food, and it goes through the sarcophagus into the stomach and all the starch is turned to grape sugar. The gastric juice then digests the stomach and turns it to a plump called chyle and it goes into the elementary canal; the lactil glands in the utensils carry the chyle up the middle of the backbone and empty it into the heart, then it goes to the lungs to meet some oxygen to get purified.

Question 6. Tell of the four senses.

Answer 6. We see with the optic nerve; it is spread round on the back part of the eye, and everything is turned upside down' but the nerve runs back to the brain and tells how it looks right end up. The eyes are set in two surkits in a bone which turns up at the holy end and becomes a nose.

The oilfactory nerve runs into that nose and lets us know when we smell a smell, and when it is the right time to sneeze. The ordertory nerve is what we hear with; the sound goes into the outside ear and strikes a drum; this raps on four little bones all strung together, and kind of jiggles the sound along through three canals and a snail-shell, and then it goes to the brain and we know we are hearing something. The nerve that makes us taste is spread all over the end of the tongue where there are some little things called papilly that when they taste anything good stand straight up and enjoy it. We feel all over, but the nerves that run round and round on the tips of our fingers are so thick that we can feel fifty times as much with them as we can with the middle of our backs.

Teacher. That is the end of this exercise. I do not know as I made it clearly understood that Dr. learned them all this phy-z-zy-ol-er-gy free gracious, for nothing, but it is so. These scholars, as you have heerd are almost as wise as Dr. . . . himself, and if one was to have the dyspep-sy or some trouble with some of his senses, he might be able to cure himself, thanks to the Dr's. instructions. If Dr. . . . is in the aujience and will now rise to his feet the scholars will give him three cheers.

Teacher. An original Ode will now be read by ———.

Scholar. An Ode of goodbye to our beloved Marster, written by a pupil whèn only 18 years, 6 months, 23 days and 4 hours of age.

Kind marster, friends and playmates all,
Parents and children, great and small,
Now is the time to say adieu,
To each and every one of you.

We've tried to be as scholars good,
And studied hard just as we should:
Tried to obey each little rule,
And have a reel good Deestrick Skule.

The marster's rap upon the door,
Calling us in we'll hear no more.
No more upon the crack we'll stand,
To spell or read, a happy band.

We'll take our books and homeward go,
To plough and plant, to reap and hoe.
Farewell, a long farewell we say,
Dear marster, playmates, all good day.

By getting up a schoolpaper, The Spectator, Beacon Light or Reflector, edited and read by one or two of the scholars, putting one or more of the compositions in it, and the Ode, the best opportunity is offered for local hits, conundrums, etc. And I may as well here suggest that in place of the "Col-lo-quy" at the end some may prefer to have a debate, taking up some of the "fads" of today, or what was an exciting topic fifty years ago, as Spirit-Rappings or Woman's Rights, though in point of fact neither date back quite so far.

Teacher. Members of the Skule-Deestrick, and aujience generly. I have just received a note from a well-known female lady here present, and I will now read it.

Dear Mr. Skule-Marster: While I have been a settin' here the fountains of pore-try in my heart have suddintly broke loose, and I have not been able to keep from composing a little sun-nit as a parting token of my and all our regards for you. This is not signed, but I do not need to say to the aujience that this sunnit is from our poetrical friend Mrs. Samanthe Tyrphosa Honeysuckle, and I hope her great modesty will not prevent her coming forward and reading it to us.

After some hesitation Mrs. H. goes on the stage, but just as she is ready to read Bubby calls out, "I've lost my hancherkief, maw, so kin I wipe my eyes on my clean apurn when it's time to cry"?

Mrs. H. reads; . . A Sunnit to onr departing Skule-Marster, written in the last eleven minnits, jest a line to a minnit.

While I've bin a list'nin' to this boochifnl exerbition,

The speakin', an' the singin', an' all the compersition,

My mind has bin in the most exstastic condition,

But when I think all will soon be over an' we must part,
It seems as if the thought would break my very heart.

An' I'm sure I express all the feelin's of the deestrick,
For I've heerd several say the thought makes them too feel sick.

But always partin' an' meetin' an' partin' agin,
Is the way in this world so full of wo an' of sin,

An' will be, I s'pose, till our life shall be o'er

An' we come to the place where Deestrick Skules are no more,

Bubby (noticing the poem as she impressively hands it to the teacher.)

Why, maw, who of them folks down there give you your pen an' ink an paper to write that with so quick?

Teacher (with great emotion.) The aujience will please excuse me if my feelings lead me as Shakespeare says, To play the woman. But since I've ben setting here I remember we have forgot to prepare any sort of a address to the committee-men; it is an oversight for which I feel I am to blame, and if the Scripture did not forbid us to ride a free horse to death I would ask Mrs. Honeysuckle to mount her Pegasus agin for ten minutes and write a poum to the committee-men, but I forbear.

Irrepressible Twin. No, Skule-Marster, you had'nt orter, fur maw sot up all las' night to write that sunnit fur you, an' paw hadter nuss both the twin babies an' make the johnnycake fur breakfast by hisself.

Teacher. Wall anyway we would now like to hear from them committee men, (and after some delay and parley) Squar Adoniram Buckwheat will now a-dress the aujience for a short time.

Squar (after much indiscriminate bowing and scraping). Good even-in' to all of ye; I ain't much on argufyin' but I kin say a few encouragin' words to ye, an' I tell ye boys an' gearls, that I never had sich advantages as ye hev, an' I hope an' guess ye've improved 'em. I'm awful tickled with the way ye speak up an' eout, as if ye wa'nt afeared o' folks, fur I allers thought there's nothin' better'n a good loud pro-nounc-i-a-tion.

Then them little fellers com-per-si-tions on their slates, that beats my time all holler, an I know t'will help ther morals to learn sich good things 'bout sich good boys as George Washington, an' nobody kin tell but ef they keep on a tryin' hard 'nuff every one 'f 'em mebbe farther's 'f ther keountry some day. An' patriartic speeches, that makes ye think o' Darnel Webster an' Henry Clay, an' all sich, gives ye a love fur yer keountry that'll come in reel handy 'f ther'd be 'nother war, but wich 'tisin't 'tall likely ever will be.

But fur's I know, ez to the fur-loss-er-fy class I carn't reelly see wot good 'tis to know why apples fall down insted o' up, wen they couldn't fall up ef they wanted to: nor wot good a air-pump is to put a vacuum into an' then pump out the vacuum an' the air too, wen in the fust place all a pump's good fur's to pump water; I don't wanter 'pear to be findin' fanlt 'an pickin' at things, but I jest don't think mnch o' that part myself, but on the hull it's bin a pooty good ex-er-bi-tion, a reel pooty good ex-er-bi-tion. (After some hesitation as if thinking how to end properly, he gives a series of jerks in various directions, saying "Good evening" after each and sits down.)

The visiting teacher is now called on for a few remarks and is led out by the hand and impressively "interjuiced"

Teacher. After sech a frustrate show I don't feel to speak long to this anunjee. When I think how things has gone in my skule in the adjining deestrick I feel tonight here like the Queen of Sheby when she had saw and heerd all the wisdom of Solomon. (Here is a chance to bring in local hits and incidents, comparing the people of one district with the other.)

Teacher. There will now be a short recess, after which we will have a col-ler quy, which I might explain is a dialogue between several folks

kind of dressed up and acted out to suit the occasion. Let us have good order so that people that want to talk will not be disturbed.

With care those not in the colloquy can so pose in front as to hide the few changes needed for the first scene. The small scholars may be sleepy and have to be waked, there may be lunching and eating of pop-corn, apples and candy with quiet games, but the two teachers conspicuously devote themselves to each other.

Colloquy. First Scene. Characters. Several ladies at a sewing society, which may be a quilting party or a knitting-bee, a quilt being at hand for purpose indicated. The older scholars can take part with only slight change of dress.

Mrs. Dusenberry, mistress of the house. It don't look as if many wimmen were coming to-day, but I set supper early so's to have 'em all here an' get a lot done.

Tirzah Ann Tubbs. O they'll all git reound by suppertime; some folks kin smell good vittles a mile off. I come pertikler airly coz I was jest fairly cracked with curoosity 'bout your good idee.

Mrs. D. It's just this; I'd like to get this quilt out today and give it to the minister's wife. I know they're reel skuree off for quilts and comfortables, and we're so behindhand on the salary they can't afford to buy.

Tirzah. Is that so? 'Twould be a norful good idee I think. See, there comes Mis Plunkett; she's sech a norful quilter I jest hate to hev her set a stitch in it. She won't wanten give 'way this quilt, I know.

Mrs. D. I'm afraid so, but she's done precious little work on it anyhow an' she had'nt ought have to any say 'bout it. Rut I'll have to go and see the wimmen as they come and 'tend to supper, and you talk it up to Mrs. Plunkett and all the rest. (Exit.)

Tirzah Ann. It'll take a heap o' hefty talkin' to git Mis Deekin Plunkit willin' to give anything wuth while to the minister's folks. (Enter Mrs. P.) Howd y'ou pu, Mis Plunkett? Ef Mis Dusenberry an' me was'nt jest a speakin' 'bout your quilting, how spry you was, but between you'n I she's a norful poke at it! She's in a norful tew to git this did right off an' give it to the minister's wife, fur they're orful short off fur beddin.

Mrs..P. Wall I sh'd say they was! Why when I went off las' winter to stay a week, an' lef' the Deekin to sleep there so's to save keepin' fires to hum all the long nights, he jest pooty nigh froze to death fur want o' bed kiver, an' they did'nt keep up ther fires all night neither.

Tirzah Ann. Yeou don't say so! Why the quilt'll come in orful handy. (Enter Mrs. D.) Mrs. P. Yis I do say so. I was jest neow tellin' Tir-

'zAn 'bout Deekin goin' t' Parson Poor's las' winter, how when he kinder complained o' sleppin' cold 'stid o' keepin' fires Mis Poor jest said "I'm sorry we're so short o' beddin' but we havn't 'nongh to go reound an' can't 'f-ford to buy more." An' she put an old overcoat on Deekin's bed, she acchilly did. I jest thought what she said was a slam on the church 'bout bein' behin'hand on the salary.

Mrs. D. I wonder the Deacon didn't take over some of the twenty-five good quilts and comfortables you said you had at last society meeting.

Mrs. P. O I'd put 'm 'way so's to hev 'em clean ef I got sick or died whilst I was 'way.

Mrs. D. Yes, I see; I suppose the Deacon took them a load of wood besides paying for his lodging.

Mrs. P. No, indeed; Brother Poor looks on Deekin as the ch'icest sheep o' his flock; an' when he said he sh'd be so lonesome to hum alone nights he 'nvited 'im ther, an he wouldn't fur the hull world hurt 'is pasture's feelin's by offerin' 'im filthy lucre or wood; Deekin's dretful keerful 'bout all those sort o' things. Anyhow he went so's to save wood to hum, an' to hev speritooal conversation; an' they allers asked 'im to eat, wich he generly did on 'count o' ther feelin's, fur ther livin' was dretful skimpy, jest bread an' butter, an' not so much meat the hull time as we hev at one meal.

Mrs. D. But he paid for his board?

Mrs. P. Why no, he hadn't 'greed to; they 'nvited 'im to eat.

Mrs. D. Well I'd like to free my mind about all that, but somebody's rapping and I know it's best for me to hold my tongue. (Enter Mrs. Beebe and after hasty greetings exit Mrs. Plunkett "To git a drink o' water.")

Mrs. B. I thought I'd come right in and get to work. But what's the matter with you, Marthy, you look as mad as a wet hen?

Mrs. D. I am mad; Mrs. Deacon has been going over her old story a bout the deacon's sufferings when that "ch'icest sheep" sponged his living off Mr. Poor. I could see him quartered without a tear of pity.

Mrs. B. Opshaw, it isn't worth getting excited over, but he is a cantankerous old bell-wether, that's a fact.

Mrs. P. coming from kitchen. I sniffed sunthin' in the kitchin, Marthy, that smelled like riz biskit a burnin'.

Mrs. D. Come out with me, Sarah Jane. (Mrs. B. and D. go out.)

Mrs. P. I tell ye, Tirz'An, Marthy's got a dretful good supper on the sap-works, ef them biskit don't git too bad scorched; I thought I could smell honey in the comb. But I've saw kitchins afore now that want nigh so dusty in the corners an' behin' the doors.

TirzahAnn. Wall for my part I don't feel to go reound peekin' and po.

kin' fur dust in other folkses houses.

Mrs. P. Likely not; some folks don't hafter peek and poke abroad fur dust coz it's right under ther noses to hum. (Silence.) Wall, as I was a sayin' 'bout this quilt bizness, I'm dead sot agin Mis Poor havin' it fur she won't 'preciate it. When I showed her that hexagun caliker one o' mine an' tole her how it had oughter got a pre-mi-um, only the jedges was partial to Mis Livingston coz she was a leftenant's wife an' I was only a plain deekin's, an' that ther was 18467 pieces in it less'n a inch square, wich I knew fur sartin as I'd put in a day an' a half counting 'em, she jest said it must a bin a big job, an' kinder looked as ef I'd wasted my time on it.

(Enter Mrs. Beebe and a widow; they exchange greetings.)

Mrs. B. Well, it's settled that the quilt goes as a present to Mrs. Poor.

Tirzah Ann. I'm willin' an' more'n willin' to give my sheer in it, an' I paid fur harf a bat o' battin' an' quilted at it three afternoons as stiddy as old horse. But s'posin' besides all that we give 'em a d'nation-party.

Widow. Not of the kind we're in the habit of giving. Remember what happened last year; the reason that "choicest sheep," Deacon Plunkett, ate only bread and butter when he was living off his shepherd, was that at the donation-party every bit of pickles, preserves and applesauce that she had laid down for winter was eaten up; not even a speck of the every day applesauce left. Poor little Lucy fairly oried over it.

Mrs. P. Well, I think people, an' special minister's folks, hadn't oughter be so carnal-minded an' cosset ther children's stumicks so much.

Widow. Land sakes alive! If you say another word, Nancy Plunkett, I'll tell who was first to cosset their stomachs on Mrs. Poor's preserves.

Mrs. B. We all know who staid till there was nothing left.

T. A. You'd better kep' still, Mis Plunkett. But bein' that the salary's so fur back—

Mrs. P. Deekin an' I both has views 'bout the salary. Fur the life 'f us we can't see heow they kin lay eout 400 dollar a year, with only a reel peak-ed little gearl that can't eat more'n a chicken, an' jest one boy, ef boys be most always hungry. An' they're always in debt, when 400 dollar a year is 2 dollar a week apiece to clothe and fill each mouth, leavin' out the odd two week fur sickness an' sich. Deekin an me has gone over it time an' agin' an' it's most thirty cents a day apiece; neow with the best bakin' an' bilin' pertaters at 9 cents a bushil, how kin a body eat more'n three bushil a day? I feel we're payin' too big a salary neow, an' that's what makes 'em so worldly minded.

Widow. Dear me! I hav'n't any patience with that kind of talk! Don't

you eat or wear anything at your house, Mrs. Plunkett, but the best "lak-in' or bilin' pertaters?"

Mrs. P. In course we do but we raise it all an' so it don't cost nothin'.

Mrs. B. Then you can afford to give freely at the donation-party.

T. A. Wall, 'bout that d'nation, you say ther can't be any eatin'?

Mrs. B. No, not a bite, last winter's donation-party settled that. Mr. Poor's house was like Egypt after the hail and grasshoppers had swept over it, only there was no end of crumbs and dirt. But we can each go and take something, a few bushels of corn, apples, potatoes or wheat, that we could well spare from our full bins and help them out wonderfully.

T. A. Yis, indeed, we co'd all find sunthin that we'd be orful glad to git red-of to hum; I've got some old, gin-eout, split-bttomed cheers that ef they was wove in with listin' wo'd —

Widow. Tirzah Ann Tubbs, I'm ashamed of you! What we give ought to come out of our best, what we think most of; I'll take a pair of my nicest blankets that I spun and wove last winter.

T.A. Wall, ef you're gointer do that away I'll give some good beddin' too; but I can't help thinkin' that to hev a leetle eatin' goin' on, ef it's on-ly apples an' pop-corn, is more friendly-like than jest settin' and talkin'.

Mrs. P. That's my idee, an' I've got some apples dretful good fur that puppuss, an' I'd like to d'nate 'em, an' ef Brother Poor's boy'd come over an' pick out the specked ones an' cut out the rot, the best wo'd arnswer to han' reound fur vittles that night, an' Mis Poor co'd make the rest in common apple-sass, an' as our punkins is a spilin' too I'd give a lot o' them to mix in; but I'm afeared that boy'd eat his helt in good apples 'stid o' the specked ones, fur boys is so ferce to eat the best ther is goin'.

Widow. Make your specked apples into sauce yourself, Nancy Plunkett, and if it's good enough to eat at home, give it to Parson Poor, but if not, don't.

Enter Madam Bradford (after stately greetings.) Concerning what were you so earnestly holding converse when I entered?

Mrs. B. About giving our minister a donation-party, that is, taking to him something useful, but not staying to ransack the house and eat what we carry and more too.

Madam B. A very excellent i-de ar, which originated in my former home, the city of Boston. I consider Reverend Poor an extremely superior person, a man of good parts, seemly deportment and most excellent of carriage. And —

Mrs. P. O my suz! hez kerridge is sich a nold shack it e'enamost gins me a conipation-fit to see it druv eout!

Madam B. If unadulterated English were not beyond your comprehension, Mistress Plunkett, you would not have interrupted me. But to recur to my subject; I was remarking that I consider Mrs. Poor a worthy helpmeet to her husband, and I shall derive great pleasure in donating out of my little store something that will solace, cheer and elevate them.

(Enter Mrs. D, announcing supper, and all go but two.)

Mrs. P. I can't understan' 'bout Mr. Poor's kerridge, why Mis Bradford thinks it's so dretful nice. But I'll be boun' she'll kerry sunthin' harnsome to d'nation.

T, A. Wall, I ain't a bit afeared to guess t'won't be nothin' more'n a dic-tion-er-ry for 'em to talk by or an old sarm-book to sing eout of.

Second scene. Mr. and Mrs. Poor, boy of 14, girl of 10. Unless they occur in the dialogue the ordinary greetings and goodbyes are exchanged with each. The stage should be so arranged that they can enter on the side, and leaving pass out in front.

Enter Mrs. Beebe. I wanted to get here first of all, and I hope you are prepared for the occasion, if need be for the worst.

Mrs. P. O, this is quite a new thing under the sun, and we expect to thoroughly enjoy it, and thank you for the innovation.

Mrs. B. No thanks to me, this is Tirzah Ann's idea, only she wanted to "hev some eatin'." Now you are not to bother about things; I've locked the stairway door and here's the key, so there's no prowling round through your chambers this year; the people are to come in at the back-door, put their tlings in the kitchen, pantry or cellar, and then, as Biddy says "Come in and pay ther rispics to you." Mr. Beebe has put some potatoes and apples in the cellar, and piled up in your woodshed a cord of solid, dry maple cut to stove length, and now don't say a word of thanks, for it's more blessed to give than receive, and I'm afraid you'll find it true before it's all over with. But Jcl n's waitin', for he couldn't leave his horses they're so high-lived and I must go. (Goes out side-door.)

Enter Mrs. D. Sister Beebe tells me I'm number two to arrive. Here's that bed-quilt the sewing-society has been at work on and we want you to have it, so if any of your sheep come to stay a week with you they can have bedclothes enough to keep warm. (General delight and admiration.) Here's a basket-full of doughnuts, sweetened ones, for I remember about Peter's sweet tooth.

Peter. O my! I haven't seen so many fried-cakes at once for a year, and I'll make sure of one by eating it new; I remember last winter.

Mrs. D. That's right, take two and I'll set the basket high on the

pantry shelf where nobody has any business to be finding them. Father's putting some lard and butter and salt pork in your cellar, and we meant to come in and stop a little bit, but on the way here we got word from old Aunt Sally Phillpot that she was down with the tiedollyroo, and so we'll have to drive round by her, and it will make Father late for his chores and milking anyway. There, he's calling "Mother" now. (She goes, and Peter wrapping himself in the quilt prances round, telling his father he 'will have to wear it to meeting in place of the overcoat that Deekin Sheep kicked out for bedkiver.' Enter five children, who after profound "manners" sit in a row with caps, mufflers, and mittens on, each going to Mrs. Poor as he speaks.

No. 1. Marm says to say How you do, and here's a pair o' footins fur yer man; Marm knits sale footins an' gits ninepunch a pair, an' she says she 'scribed twentyfive cents fur yer man's preachin', an' yer kin ceount harf 'f it eout on them footins.

No. 2, with some stocking-legs. Here's some o' granpap's ole legs an' Marm says as how yer kin knit some feet on 'em fur yer man.

No. 3. An' here's two o' Jeremiah's feet, an' yer kin knit some legs on fur yer boy.

No. 4. An' here's some yarn t' knit onto Jeremiah's legs an' granpap's feet —

No. 5, a girl. No, Zerubbabel, it's granpap's legs an' Jareemiah's feet.

No 4. Wall Marm says ef granpap's legs an' Jeremiah's feet wears —

No. 5. Now yer jest stop, Zerub, fur I'm the only darter ther is; an' I di'n't hev nothin, to gin, an' I was the one t' say ef granpap's legs wore out afore yer man's feet, yer co'd knit yer man new legs to his feet.

No. 1. Marm says ef yer ast us to, we might set a while an' see what the rest o' the folks brung.

No. 2. Pap says he'd a come ef yer's gointer hev vittles t'eat.

No. 3. Grandmarm says mebbe arter we gin yer granps's legs an' things, yer'd gin us a bite. (Mrs. P. brings in doughnuts.)

No. 4. Marm says ef we got a good snack o' sweetcake or friedcakes she'd a'most wish she'd come along.

No. 5. Me an' Zerubbabel likes store cheese with friedcakes so we do.

No. 1. I'd liketer take one t' granpap fur sendin' his legs.

No.2. An' me one t' kerry Jeremiah fur his feet.

No. 4. An' I'll put one in my pocket fur pap an' marm an' granmarm.

No.5, crying. An' I'm the only darter an' there's nobody left fur me t' to gin nothin' to. (All go out but return.)

No. 1. Marm says t' be sune not t' remember t' tell the parson t' for-

git — no — be sure not to forgit t' tell the parson t' remember t' take that ninepunch out o' the quarter-dollar she 'scribed fur yer preachin', an' afore winter's clean gone she'll send 'nother pair t' make it eout. She is gointer charge nothin' fur granpap's legs or Jeremias's feet, but jest fur the new footins.

No. 2. Marm says she shan't 'scribe nothin' nex' year coz it's so costive allers givin' t' d'nations w'en thers no eatin'. Pap says sunthin —

No. 5. Let me tell 'bout pap; he says he never 'scribed nothin' nobow, an' nuther he aint a gointer. (All go out, and while a suitable pantomime is inside they, after discussion, eat the doughnuts.)

Enter Tirzah Ann. I've come as I said I wo'd with my beddin'; it's a bran new blankit o' my own raisin', shearin', spinnin', dyein' an' weavin', never yit slep' under by mortal soul, an' it doos me proud to gin it t' yeou an' I think the colors will become yer complects, special' ef yeou wear red flannel nightcaps, w'ich is orful healthy. (After suitable admiration from all,) I brung along a lot o' doughnuts, jest some plain riz ones, ez I carn't 'ford t' hev but long sweetnin' to my house: m'lasses isn't good in doughnuts an' I love sweet ones orful well, jest sich ez I see Mis Duzenberry makin' a peck of yisterday, an' I guessed mebbe she'd bring 'em here. (Mrs. P. goes out and soon returns with doughnuts.) I never feel so much like talkin' up reel chirk an' pleasant-like ez w'en I'm eatin', so I brung a few apples t' nibble on — sho! neow, Sister Poor, I never s'pected yeon'd take so much trouble on my 'count but I ll leave mine an' eat her'n. Seems t' me I hear somebody a comin' an' arter wot was said 'bout it I'd orfly hate t' hev Widder Sharp ketch me eatin'. (Exit with doughnuts in apron.)

Enter Madam Bradford. I trust I find you in excellent spiritual and bodily health, Reverend Sir, and Madam Poor, and little Master and Miss Poor; (after responses) I cannot tarry as I fain would desire to hold discourse with you, for other parishioners will claim your attention, but I beg you will accept this volume of sermons by Rev. Mr. ———, D. D., L. L. D., of Boston, my former home, written more than a hundred years ago. Others will donate food for the body, but here is strong meat for the mind. I also present you with this manuscript of sacred and lyric poems, composed by myself when residing in my former home, Boston. Though it was laborious to copythem, I took great pleasure in thinking of the comfort they would be to you in lonesome days and declining years. And here is a profile of my late relict, who lived with me in connubial blessedness 35 years, 7 months, 9 days and 14 hours to a minute; but you will find all the dates of his remarkable birth, marriage and decease recorded on the back of the

picture. As I came I glanced into your pantry and noticed an abundance of the food that perishes with the using, but these tokens of my regard will continue for a constant refreshment through life. Do not try to express your obligations to me, I well know how often the emotions of the heart lie too deep for words. (After elaborate adieus goes out and taking from her reticule a doughnut eats it, remarking, "Madam Dnenberry was not reared in Boston, and consequently does not live on a high moral and intellectual plane, but she excels in doughnuts, and I rejoice in my forethought of securing a bagfull.")

Tirzah Ann (returning.) I s'pose yeou thunk I'd gone for good, but w'en I see 'twas Mis Bradford I hed sich curosimy t' see w'ot she brung I staid in the entry an' eat, an' she went out eatin' too. Mis Plunkit 'lowed 'two'd be sunthin' orful harnsome, but I guessed 'two'dn't be nothin' killin' nice. An' is them it? Wall, I declar to goodness! ef 'tisin't an ole book o' sarmints, some writin', an' that black picter 'f her relic, ez she alwers calls him. What a norful lively thing he is to look at w'en ye're deownhearted, an' need chinkin' up! But I hear Widow Sharp sure 'nuff neow, an' I mus' go, but don't tell 'er I et nothin' ef yeou did ast me to. (Exit.)

Enter Widow Sharp. I judge from what's in the pantry and cellar that you have been remembered; please accept these blankets from me — why, if here ain't Tirzah's new blankets, the very pride of her heart; that is good in Tirzah Ann Tubbs. Well, if that meachin' Deacon Sheep comes to eat a week off his "pasture" this winter, please smother him with bedclothes.

Mr. P. Ar'n't you rather hard on the Deacon, Sister Sharp? He has his good points.

Widow. They're whittled down dreadful fine; I'd as lives hunt a cambric needle in a haymow; and what of meanness he can't study up lying awake nights Nancy Plunkett can put him up to.

Mrs. P. I'm afraid you don't love the brethren as we are commanded.

Widow. I don't, nor that one of the sisteren either. You can't know all Deacon's come-upances in two years, but he'll turn out a wolf at last.

Peter. He's a stuttering old sheep, anyhow.

Widow. Have they been here yet?

Mrs. P. O no, they have said freely we didn't need anything.

Mr. P. I rather expect him round with a generous contribntion.

Widow. Fiddlesticks! I'm willing to eat anything worth having that he brings and don't ask you to take twice its value out of the salary. Brother Poor, I've known Deacon Sheep from a cosset; as long as my husband lived he kept him under, but now Deacon's sayso rules the church.

Mr. P. Sister Sharp I've often been told that your husband subscribed

three times what he could afford, to bring Deacon Plunkett up to anything like his ability, because he was ashamed to give less than Mr. Sharp; and I know too, that you with your six children can no more afford to spare this blanket than Mrs. Plunkett could give twenty of her twentyfive quilts.

Widow. That's true, but I'm glad to have it to give, and you are more than welcome, but if Deacon or his wife bring anything worth while and no after-clap he's surely had a warnin' and isn't long for this world. But I must run over to Aunt Samantha Pettibone's; you know she's been bed-ridden forty odd yaars but she's knit a tippet for you that I am to get. (Exit.)

Mr. P. The deacon is peculiar, but I have confidence in his piety, and fear Sister Sharp is a little lacking in charity.

Mrs. P. Well, I suspect she gives them both full credit for all the good that's in them; but we shall see.

Enter Mrs. Plunkett. Heow du yeou du, an' yeou, an' yeou' an' yeou? Deekin an' I has ben lyin' awake nights plannin' heow to make this d'nation help yeou eout on yer salary. He's unloadin' a big lot o' nice wood in yer shed, an' put a lot o' pertaters an' apples in yer sullen; they're a lee-tle bit specked, an' some rot in 'em, but yeou kin pick 'em over in yer odd time an' make apple-sass, an' ther's some punkins too. Why, what dretful nice blankits them be! they're wuth much ez 5 dollar 'piece, an' we sewed dretful hard on that quilt; reck'nin' jest the battin', linin' an' caliker kiver 't'll ceount up t' 4 dollar; an' ther's them footins', an' yarn', an' legs, an' feet. Law me! ef Mis Bradford didn't gin her man's picter! 'Taint wuth much but the frame'd ceount fur 4 shillin', an' ef 't'll fit the glass'd du fur a winder-light ef 'twas broke. Here's some towils I spun an' wove w'en I was a gearl; they're kinder wore eout, but they'll du fur ever' day an' make dishcloths bimeby: an' here's a holy Bible we co'd git 'long 'thout, an' Deekin sed bring it fur yer boy t' sarch the scrijpters 'out'f. I guess I've see all an' I'll slipeont the back way; Deekin'll come arter a lee-tle bit. (Exit.)

Mr. P. Mrs. Plunkett seems to enjoy reducing things to cash valuation; fancy Madam Bradford's feelings at the idea of using the glass in her relict's portrait for a window-pane! But Mrs. Sharp will be surprised.

Mrs. P. (showing the ragged towels and bible all in pieces.) Will she?

Mrs. P. and husband in the street. Take 'nother nutcake, they're Mis Duzenberry's make an' too rich fur the Poor fam'ly's stumicks. I ceounted the blankits 5 dollar 'piece an' the quilt at 4; 4 shillin' fur a picter-frame, an' 2 more fur footins; that's all I see wuth acchil money. (They add, get muddled, and Mr. P. says "Less go t' the p-p-post naster, he's a reel good adder.") They go and enter three girls dressed alike, each with a string of dried apples and two rings of dried pumpkin on her arm, saying turn,

"Here's the time o' day, an' mar sez she hopes yer pooty well, an' yer welcome t' this string o' dried appuls an' punkin, an' we kin stan' reound till yer git us sunthin t'eat." Mrs. P's daughter brings doughnuts and after they go she says "Every doughnut is gone and I've not tasted one yet.")

Enter Deacon. G-g-good ev'nin', B-b-brother 'n' S-s-sister P-p-pupoor, (etc.) I hope yer duin' well in body 'n' soul; it's mos' choretime 'n' I earn't stop fur speritooal talk, but I calkilate ye've hed a rousin' d-d-dar-na-tion party. Ther's five bushil o' whoppin' Shernanger pertaters in the suller wuth two York shillin' a bushil, 'n' I brung five more o' specked ones that'd ceount in at one shillin'. Then the lard, 'n' butter, 'n' eggs, 'n' cheese, 'n' inions, 'n' appuls, 'n' salt pork, 'n' corn beef, 'n' a big hunk o' fresh beef, all brung by the sheep o' yer flock, run up the 'mount t' — lemme see, I figgered kerful 'n' got the best adder in teown t' foot it; with the cord o' maple wood at 3 dollar, 'n' one I brung at 2, makes the woodshed, buttry, 'n' sullar things 15 dollar 'n' six bits; Nancy, she reckoned blankits 'n' things here, but she must 'a' furgot that dried apple, 'n' all tole it comest' jest 30 dollar 'n' 4 bits. Ez we're back 125 dollar 'n' 3 bits on las' year's dues 'n' ye don't feel willin' t' throw it in, ceountin' this eout it leaves 94 dollar 'n' 7 bits t' ketch up with; O, I forgot, I took two peck o' the Shernangers fur seed 'n' that's 'nother bit due ye, but us sheep 'll fetch it somehow.

Mr. P. Do you mean that this valuation of the freewill offerings of my people is to be taken out of the arrears in the salary?

Deacon. Why yis, Brother Poor, that's 'bout the meanin' of it.

Mr. P. Then you can take home your speck d apples and potatoes; I have borne imposition from you but this I will not stand.

Deacon. You'd better bewar, Brother Poor, deekins air the Lord's anointed to run the church; yeou oughter hunt fur souls. (Enter Widow.)

Mr. P. Sister Sharp, the deacon has been reckoning the value of these contributions to our comfort, and tells me it is to come out of the salary arrears; was that the arrangement?

Widow. No, indeed it was not. Who told you to bring your old stuff anyhow, Deacon? I just saw your rotten apples and potatoes in the cellar, and your wood's so crooked it's almost kicked over Mr. Beebe's pile.

Deacon. Sister Sharp, I'm a deekin, 'n' the holy scripiter sez ye mus' be subjick t' the powers that be, 'n' wimen mus' keep silence 'n' larn o' ther husbuns t' hum.

Widow. If I had a husband at home you would never dare come sneaking in this way, putting a money value on what those of us who feel for our minister have brought to him in his straits. I'll not keep silence but tell you to your face that you are mean enough to take pennies off the eyes of

corpse, and then charge up interest to the corpse for the use of them.

Deacon. Sister Sharp, bewar o' lettin' yer temper rise agin the sarvint of the Lord; have ye furgot how the bairs et up the childurn that talked misbehavin' t' 'Lijah? But I can't stop t' labur with ye ez I oughter fur I 'spec' Nancy's a waitin' 'n' mus' go. (Goes.)

Widow. I never was so righteously mad in my whole life as I am —

Dea. (returning). I brung these specs to gin ye, Brother Poor, but ye talked so upsettin' t' me I furgot; they're wore out fur my eyes, 'n' one glass is los', but f'raps ye'll fin' one before ye come t' wear specs. I'm a meek man, I be, 'n' the meek is promist t' inherit the airth. (Exit.)

Widow. He's trying hard for the earth with meanness, instead of meekness. But Brother Poor, didn't I tell you so? (Curtain falls.)

Teacher. Rev. Dr. Deuteronomy Crabtree will now favor the aujience and skule with a few remarks.

Dr. C. This is entirely unexpected to me and I deprecate the situation; however I can truly say I have been both entertained and instructed by this evening's proceedings. I do not desire to be critical or carping, but it has occurred to me, Firstly, that the early scholastic course now is less complete than in my youthful days, when catachetical instruction was combined with the purely intellectual side of education. Secondly, when I recall the exhibltions of my adolescence, I recognize and deplore the fact, that at this epoch, there is a lamentable tendency toward the light and trifling in speech and composition. Thirdly, I fear that the colloquy, with its dress and acting, savors of the frivolity of the playhouse, with its demoralizing associations. And yet it may have struck me more unfavorably because it bore such a painful resemblance to the last donation-party that my parishioners inflicted on me in the field where I labored before coming to this parish. Fourthly, and in conclusion, I would remark, that on the whole the ezhibition reflects great credit on the instructor and pupils.

Deacon Kicker, (who stammers, in the audience). I'd like t' say sunthin'. (Teacher invites him to the stage). I wanter free my min' tu, fur I think like the parson, that the col-ler-quy's too much like the the-ay-ter, 'n' nex' winter I sh'l vote agin hirin' a marster who larns sich wickedness t' his skule.

Visiting Teacher, (taking the master by the hand.) Deacon Kicker don't seem to like twittin' on fax; maybe he thinks of a d'nation-party he took part in about three years ago.

Dr. C. I have been misapprehended; I did not stigmatize the colloquy as a theater but tending in that direction.

Teachers, Deacon and Committee all talk at once and curtain falls.

THE END.



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